IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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## LESSON FOR JUNE 13

### A SHEPHERD BOY CHOSEN KING

LESSON TEXT—I Sam. 16:1-13.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.—I Sam. 16:13.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Ps. 8.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Story of a Shepherd Boy.
JUNIOR TOPIC—A Kingly Shepherd Boy.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Road to Promotion.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Possibilities of Youth.

**I. The Lord Rebuked Samuel for Excessive Grief (v. 1).**

It was a bitter experience for Samuel to pronounce God's judgment upon Saul. The cause of Samuel's grief was threefold:

1. The wreck of a promising life. In all history, perhaps, a life with greater promise cannot be found, and yet it affords no example of a more wretched failure.

2. A personal loss. No doubt as the spiritual adviser of the king Samuel found many things in him to admire. His removal, therefore, Samuel most keenly felt.

3. Anxiety for the national welfare. Samuel knew quite well that a change of dynasty oftentimes meant severe war and the reign of anarchy. This would very seriously weaken the already weak kingdom. His concern for the people's good was therefore a part of his grief. One can readily see why Samuel should mourn, but as a prophet of God he should not have indulged to excess. The Lord's question "How long will thou mourn for Saul?" has in it a rebuke for Samuel. Grief for others is a sacred thing, but whenever it is carried so far as to interfere with one's duty it becomes sinful.

**II. Samuel Sent to Bethlehem to Anoint Saul's Successor (vv. 1-5).**

Though Saul failed, God is able to provide a successor who is better than he. Samuel is directed to go to Bethlehem and from among the sons of Jesse choose a successor. Samuel again showed his weakness in expressing his fear lest Saul should kill him. If God sends a man on an errand what matters it though a thousand Saul's be waiting to kill him? Even though it means death, if God sends, who dare refuse or offer excuse? God instructed him to avoid publicity by the concealment of his real purpose. Some may question the diplomacy of Samuel, but we must remember that no one is under obligation to tell all that he knows, especially to parties who have no moral right to know. To withhold truth which is necessary morally to tell is duplicity which dare not be practiced. God allowed Samuel to hide his true errand under the cloak of a sacrifice in order to shelter his weakness. The whole matter was already decided; the moral acts were already committed; the issues were already faced. The exposure of Samuel to the murderous hatred of Saul would have only made matters worse.

**III. The Method of God's Choice (vv. 6-12).**

The elders of Bethlehem were somewhat alarmed when Samuel came. He, in the exercise of his judgeship, went from place to place, and at times he doubtless had to deal in severity with the people. He calmed their fears by assuring them that he came peaceably, even to worship God. While the preparation for the sacrifice was being made, Samuel seems to have had the interview with Jesse and his sons. When the eldest of Jesse's sons passed before him he decided that this stalwart young man must be God's choice, but God told him that man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. We should learn, like Samuel was obliged to do, that the qualifications in God's sight for workers are inward, not bodily. The one who does God's work must do it by leaning upon him, not through personal strength or endowments. To the utter surprise of Samuel and Jesse, David the shepherd boy, was chosen.

**IV. Samuel Anoints David (v. 13).**

When this stripling of a boy came before Samuel, the Lord indicated his choice. Samuel proceeded to anoint him. This anointing typified the endowment of the Holy Spirit, which is essential for any and all service for God. The preparation which David needed for the office of king was just what he got as a shepherd boy. God's choices are not arbitrary. As king, his responsibility was to defend, feed, and lead God's flock, and this he had learned to do as he attended his father's flock. This promotion of the shepherd boy should be an encouragement for boys of lowly station in life.

**If You Want to Be Miserable.**

"If you want to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch. You will make sin and misery out of everything which God sends you. You will be as wretched as you choose."

**The Good and Bad.**

To the good the world is very good; to the bad it is bad.

# THE DOUBLE LIFE

By ALVAH J. GARTH



For good or bad the world was all before him—no man ever more solemnly realized that a parting and a starting was at his choice. He stood just outside an isolated dilapidated hut and faced the dawning day. Its roseate glow, the waking birds and gently sighing breeze wrought influences of thought and decision clear comprehensive and abiding.

His past had been blighting and the present uncertain. Only to the fathomless future could he look as to a new birth. He was nobody—worse than that, a discharged convict. His real name was a menace. He must lose it and begin anew, go back recklessly among the old avenues of crime, or divest himself of every vestige of his natural personality and assume a new identity.

The specious forces of evil beckoned him to the companionship that had sent him to five years in the penitentiary, and he had paid his debt.

Looking back two weeks, he saw himself freed from prison with time allowed for good behavior. Looking back a week, he saw himself entering this same deserted hut, seeking a night's shelter, to find within, lying on a bed of straw, a well favored young man about his own age. This latter tossed restlessly in fever and delirium, and from his ravings John Blake gathered that he was a person addicted to drink and drugs, had fallen by the wayside and his weakened vitality was fast oozing away. A humane and new impulse had been born into John Blake the last two years of his imprisonment through the friendly ministrations of the penitentiary chaplain. For three days and nights he acted as nurse and provider out of the little store he had earned in prison through overtime, securing food and medicine from the village nearby. The morning of the fourth day the invalid had died. His pillow had been an old valise, but it contained only a few articles of clothing and letters, and from these Blake gleaned that his name was Arthur Gride, and that his former home was in Canada.

One of the letters was evidently from the uncle of Gride and it told the whole history of that blighted life. It ran: "You have forfeited the esteem of every friend and relative through your evil, dissipated ways. They and I have disowned you. I offer you one last chance. I inclose you a letter to an old friend. I have written him telling him of your frailties and past. He will give you work. If you make a man of yourself, he will be a stanch helper. If not, he will speedily send you about your business."

The other letter was directed to "Adam Marshall" at a little city in a western state, and it simply introduced "Arthur Gride, whom I have already written you about."

When the poor wanderer was dead Blake went to the village and told of his finding the man and of his caring for him. They buried him decently in the little country cemetery, and now, after passing a last lonely night at the hut, John Blake stood at the parting of the ways.

Two months later, assuming the name of the dead man, Blake was installed at Leesville as an employee of Adam Marshall in the grain and feed business. The latter was old and infirm, but he gave the pretended nephew of his friend every chance to make good. Within a year the new Blake had completely won the confidence of his patron. When the latter died his family later engaged him as manager of the business. Trusted and beloved by everybody, a man among men, the new Arthur Gride became a citizen of importance.

It was about this time that a young woman came to Leesville and after making many inquiries about Arthur Gride settled down into seclusion. One day when Blake left the city on a train she covertly followed him. It was the anniversary of the death of the real Arthur Gride, and the man who had assumed his identity went to the little settlement where he was buried. He placed a wreath upon his grave and sat lost in reverent thought. He looked up, puzzled and startled, as a shadow crossed the spot. The mysterious woman stood beside him. He recalled having seen her once or twice in Leesville. Her accusing face and manner made a really comely face appear dark and forbidding.

"I have followed you day after day," she spoke, "to find the man you pretend to be. I am the sister of Arthur Gride. You are not he. Where is he?"

"There," spoke John Blake, pointing to the grave. "His sister? Then you shall know all. I come here because of him, I have redeemed myself and have honored his name."

Luella Gride sank to the ground, the tears falling fast, all save tenderness leaving her face as she listened to the story of the redeemed man. Then she told of how, after the death of her father and mother, the hard-hearted uncle had consented to tell her that her lost brother had become a man of importance at Leesville.

In mutual sorrow for the poor unfortunate, those two mingled their tears. Strangely brought together by a secret no one else should ever share, hand in hand they left the sacred spot, with a presage that thus they should journey through life together.

# BROUGHT TO BOOK

By ALDEN CHAPMAN



Sidney Blair had entered the gloomy, old-fashioned city mansion bearing the name on its door plate "Alton Morse," with an ardent heart and high hopes. He sat now in its library confronted by its owner, whose grim, forbidding face chilled him whose disclosures were disconcerting.

Two months previous while visiting his sister at a seminary, he had met Lucia Sterling. The acquaintanceship had blossomed into mutual friendly interest and, on his part at least, into genuine love. She had told him that she lived with Mr. Morse, that her parents were both dead and that the attorney, because her father had been a former client, had practically adopted her. Lucia had consented to his calling on her when she left school and she had told Mr. Morse of the expected visitor.

Blair had been ushered into the library of the house when he sent in his card, and sinister faced, its occupant had received him coldly.

"I know who you are, and of your family," said Mr. Morse. "I also fancy I know the object of your call. It is Miss Sterling."

"Yes," replied Blair. "I hope she is well."

"She is far from that," replied the lawyer gravely. "Do not be alarmed, sir, it is mental, rather than physical ailment. Miss Sterling has received some disclosures relative to her past, or rather that of her parents, that have been considerable of a shock. She knows of your intention to call and has authorized me to see you in her stead."

"I do not understand," began Blair in a perplexed way.

"I can say only that, considering your high social standing and illustrious family name, it is better that your acquaintance with Miss Sterling should terminate utterly."

"You insinuate some mystery which, no matter what it may involve, could not in any way affect the regard I feel for Miss Sterling," spoke Blair stanchly. "Mr. Morse, I must insist on having a decision from her lips alone."

Alton Morse arose with a peculiar expression on his face. "I will convey your message to my ward," he said icily, "or rather my dead friend's daughter," and left the room. He returned shortly bearing a folded scrap of paper.

"Miss Sterling declines to see you," he reported. "This is her only and final word, and Blair bowed his head in despair as he read: "Mr. Morse must speak for me. I thank you for all your courtesy and regard, but we must never meet again."

Without another word Blair left the house. Dusk had come down, but as he slowly passed the garden space he glanced back. One upper window at the side of the house showed a light.

Blair proceeded on his way, but so mystified by the strange incident that after he had turned the next corner he reversed and confronted the stranger.

He was a man over fifty, bearded and bronzed, and wore a great blazing diamond in his tie and another of unusual size on one finger. Two men crossed the street, evidently attracted by these signs of opulence. When within twenty feet of the corner they suddenly sprung upon him.

Blair hastened to the rescue. He drove one of the men prostrate with a vigorous blow. The other had a pistol aimed at the stranger. Blair struck up his hand, but himself felt a stinging contact in one arm. As the men dispersed the victim seized Blair by the hand with the words:

"You have saved my life, young man. Why! what is this blood! You are wounded!"

"Only a slight scratch," declared Blair negligently, but the other hailed a cab, solicitously attended his rescuer, and, arriving at his hotel at once sent for a surgeon.

The latter dressed a slight flesh wound, and the stranger secured a room for Blair connecting with his own. When Blair awoke in the morning he noticed his host with startled eyes gazing at some articles he had placed on a stand.

"What is this—where did you get it?" he inquired, holding up a photograph of Lucia Sterling.

A strange emotion was manifest in the man's face as Blair's story came out. His face hardened as he muttered the name of Alton Morse. "Come with me," he spoke, "if you feel able. There is something you have an interest in."

An hour later they faced Alton Morse, pale, cringing, in terror. Within the hour Blair knew that the stranger of the garden was Robert Sterling, the father of Lucia.

It seemed that three years before he had sent from Australia a fortune for his orphan daughter, which Morse had appropriated. He did this when he was supposed to be dying. Morse held back the fortune and prevented Lucia from encouraging Blair by making her believe that she was the daughter of a convicted assassin.

Alton Morse was forced to make restitution. It was a double blessing that Robert Sterling bestowed upon the accepted lover of Lucia, for he saved to him his life as well as the happiness of his daughter.

# A CHANGE OF HEART

By CAROLINE LOCKHART



"I hates kids; I despises kids," said Dad Walker querulously, as he rubbed a clean place on the window-pane and looked at the household goods of Doody, the squawman, going into the log shack across the street. "There's eight of them Doody young uns, if I got the right count on them. They mill round so fast it's like countin sheep."

"Some folks is all-same pigeons," observed Bacon-Rind Dick, who was mixing baking-powder biscuit in the dish-pan.

"Er Belgian hares, er French Canadians, er field-mice, er—"

"He's come up off the reservation to put his kids in school, I reckon."

"He furnishes the school and we furnish the teacher. Personally myself," declared Dad, sourly "I don't aim to educate eight Doodys after this year. I've paid school taxes and packed schoolmarms back and forth from the railroad as long as I'm goin' to."

"Still, them Doodys ought to be company for us this winter, with everybody movin' out of the camp."

"Company! I won't have nothin' to do with 'em. I hates half-breeds worse nor p'izen, and I don't want them kids to git in the habit of runnin' over here. They're liable to pick up something."

"That's so," Bacon-Rind replied dryly. "They might steal the stove, or the bunk, or that thirty-pound bear-trap."

"Makes no diff'runce; and if they start visitin' here, I'll tell 'em where to get off at."

By dwelling upon the Doodys and the manner in which they would overrun him during the winter, Dad became a kind of monomaniac upon the subject, and each morning when he looked through the window-pane he demanded with the same regularity with which some people comment upon the weather:

"Whatever kin a man think of hisself to marry a blanket squaw?"

To his surprise, he was not molested by the Doodys.

When the days grew short and the towering mountains surrounding the abandoned copper-camp of Swift Water made them even shorter, the long evenings seemed interminable. Bacon-Rind thought wistfully of the Doody family, whose shrieks of exuberant laughter frequently penetrated the silence which lay between the two partners, long since talked out.

"These snows ought to have brought the sheep down," he said one day, regarding the white mountains speculatively. "I b'lieve I'll get Billy Upton and take a hunt. I hankers for sheep-meat. You won't be lonesome?"

"Lonesome! Me?" Dad snorted. "I was seven months alone onct, whar' the timber was so thick you had to lay on your back to see the sun."

So Bacon-Rind packed his camp outfit on a cayuse and started with Billy Upton for the hills.

Bacon-Rind was a pinhead—Dad never had thought of him as anything else; yet he missed his partner uncommonly. He had to admit that.

Late one afternoon he washed a place on the window, lower down, where he could sit and look at the "Injun outfit" across the way. He was lonely; he had to admit that, too, and it looked kind of sociable to see the black heads bobbing behind the windows of the log house opposite.

Dad oiled his boots with bear grease and darned his socks; then, when he could think of nothing else to do which would enable him to kill time, he took his ax out to the grindstone, although it was already so sharp he could almost cut hair with it.

"If Bacon-Rind ain't back pretty soon," he said peevishly, "I'll git worse nor the wild man I knowed in Wisconsin, who lived in a holler tree and et a deer at a sittin'."

**II.**

"Gee, but you're a nawful big man!"

Startled, Dad dropped the can and turned to look at the owner of the shrill but friendly voice.

Recovering from the slight embarrassment caused by the steady gaze of a pair of black eyes, he replied: "And I'm the runt of the family. Father was twenty-two inches between the eyes, and they fed him with a shovel. What might your name be?"

"Maudie Doody. I got a nawful splinter in my foot, an' ma's washin' and won't take it out, so I runned away." Miss Doody stood like a chicken on a cold day, holding up a bare foot which she had thrust into an old moccasin. "I brung a pin for you to get it out with," she added.

"Do you want to p'izen yourself, usin' pins?" demanded Dad sternly.

"Gee, you got awful blue eyes!" observed Miss Doody, quite unmoved.

She followed Dad into the house, and, pulling up a chair, thrust her bare foot into his lap. She was so entranced and fascinated by Dad's unconscious grimaces as he pulled at the splinter with a needle that she forgot the pain of it, and said flatteringly when he had finished:

"You don't hurt half as much as ma. You don't like to hurt me, auther, do you?"

"I hates cryin' and yellin'."

"You don't like Injuns, auther, do you?"

"Some Injuns," Dad replied evasively—"good Injuns."

"I'm good. I never talk Injun talk. My brother, he's bad. I got my sleeve tored out fightin' him, 'cause he was bad and talked Injun talk. Can you sing?"

"Like a markin'-bird," Dad said grimly.

"What can you sing?" inquired Miss Doody pointedly.

"Well, I can sing 'Whar' the Silver Colorady Wends Its Way,' an' I can sing 'Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee,' an' I can sing 'Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo,' an' I can sing—"

"Sing 'Baraboo-boo-boo,'"

Dad hesitated.

"It ain't hardly a song," he admitted. "It's more like words set to a noise."

"Sing 'Baraboo,'" reiterated Miss Doody.

Dad cleared his throat and pitched his voice in a key which both amazed and delighted his visitor.

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!" sang Dad lustily. "To the Baraboo, away, away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo! To the Baraboo, away, away!"

Almost any disinterested listener would have agreed that Dad had described his song rather well. It sounded like a hungry coyote howling in a bunch of willows.

"Sing it again, and trot me," commanded Miss Doody, sliding from her chair to climb into Dad's lap.

She came the next day after school hours, and the next day, and the day after that, always bursting into the room in a manner which suggested flight; and each time the same dialogue took place between them.

"Sing 'Barnboo,'"

"Aw—you don't want to hear 'Barnboo,'"

"'Baraboo.' Make a lap. The buttons on your coat hurt my ear. There!"

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!"

"Trot me!"

"To the Baraboo, away, away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!"

It was a ravishing song!

**III.**

"When the snow lays deep like this, and it comes off cold and sets in to blow, I feel like bitin' myself," he muttered irritably.

It was lonely! Even as Dad groaned, the door of the squawman's house opened, and Maudie Doody, looking over her shoulder like some wild creature, to see if she was observed, stepped into the street.

Dad's heart leaped joyously, but sank again as she turned and began floundering through the snow toward the pole bridge.

Yes, she was wading through the drifts to the pole bridge!

She always stopped there on her way to school to see if that big, black trout was still lying motionless in the pool below.

She reached the bridge and stood on the edge, peering into the water.

Dad reached for his sheepskin coat.

In the second that he took his eyes from the swaying little figure on the bridge, it disappeared! His inarticulate cry was like a bellow as he tore open the door and covered the intervening drifts in leaps and bounds.

When Doody, the squawman, and Harrison, from the other side, had reached the bridge, the icy waters of the pool already had closed over Dad's head. The widening circles told where he had sunk, and the tense seconds were minute-long before he rose. His face was livid with the terrible cold—a cold which numbed like a paralytic shock.

"She's ketched to something!" he gasped.

"Come out!" yelled Harrison.

For reply, Dad sank once more; and when he rose again a calico skirt was gripped in his stiffened fingers. With the last desperate stroke of which he was capable, he dragged Maudie Doody to the water's edge. The north wind froze his clothes into an icy sheath as, half unconscious, he staggered with the child in his arms to his own cabin.

"It's no use," said Harrison, and he looked at Maudie Doody lying beneath the torn red quilt on Dad's bunk. "She was under too long."

"She's dead!" The squaw cried a little in the corner of her shawl and went home.

Doody and the seven little Doodys followed her, sniffling.

It was hours later that Bacon-Rind approached the cabin, a hind-quarter of sheep-meat upon his back, a beaming smile of anticipation upon his face. Some sound from within caused him to listen.

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo! To the Baraboo—away—away!"

Bacon-Rind grinned and scraped his feet on the step.

"He's got lonesome and desp'rit," he thought. "Dad's drunk."

"Hi, old man!" he yelled.

The door flew open; and Dad, with a stick of stovewood in one hand and an expression upon his face not unlike that of a she-bear with cubs, towered above him, shouting threateningly as he pointed to the bunk:

"What you comin' in like a cow-elk for? Can't you see she's asleep?"

**Snake's Fascination a Myth.**

Those who have had much experience with snakes and have had it their business to observe carefully their habits and ways, both in their natural condition in the wild state and in captivity, state that in no instance have they known a snake to fascinate an animal in the manner in which it is alleged to do. One authority speaks of two species many a time in trees surrounded by a crowd of fluttering, chattering, excited birds. But the birds were not, he says, fascinated by the snake; they were endeavoring to intimidate it in order to frighten it from their haunts.

# "GLADDIE"

By JEANIE L. DARLING.



Hillcrest people have not yet forgotten the eccentricities of Peter Tromp. When he built his house, the best situated in the village, it had two fronts. One, with a big piazza, faced the street; here Katie, his wife, sat and sewed or visited. The other faced the meadows behind the hill town; here, silent and moody, Peter used to sit and gaze at the faraway blue outlines of beautiful eastern mountains.

They were not as friendly as husband and wife should be—Peter and Katie weren't. There were no children to bind their hearts together; then, too, Katie loved her neighbors and Peter did not. He would not even go to the little meeting house on Sabbath days, and Katie's heart was bitter about this. The minister once expostulated, but Peter led him through his house and onto the back, or rather the front porch.

"That there's my church, and good enough for me," he answered, pointing toward the mountains, which lay serene majestic, understanding, in the purple-red colors of sunset, and no more would he say.

Two days after Emma Simonds died, Katie went into Peter's garden and found Emma's four-year-old daughter there playing "mudpies" with Peter. They seemed the best of chums.

At sight of Katie Peter drew the bare-footed, roguish-eyed child down beside him. His great, gaunt body trembled with tenderness.

"I shall keep her, he said defiantly.

Katie looked at Gladdie's irresponsible face and shuddered.

"The idea!" she objected. "You're crazy, Peter. Her aunt Ella'll have to take her. It's mighty risky takin' other folkses' young uns to bring up. Besides, I don't have no time to look after a child, anyway. And what would the neighbors think?"

Peter's eyes blazed.

"Hillcrest ain't my judge," he answered shortly.

Peter's wife smiled sardonically. "Well, s'long 's she don't bother me, she can stay," and she went back into the house.

Peter and Gladdie sat on, hand in hand, on the steps.

"Daddy," she said joyously, and stroked his face. He gathered her into his arms and she cuddled up against his breast and slept. The sun went down and the mountains took on vague, haunting outlines in the darkening distance; peace lay over the valley world and Peter's eyes hungrily took in the sight until his soul was satisfied, and he, too, slept, his head against the porch railing. They were still there when Katie, returning from an evening call, came out and found them.

"So this is the way you're goin' to take care of her, is it, Peter?" she flared. "She's probably got her death of cold." Oh, yes, Kate knew how her words were hurting the man she had married. "She'll go to her Aunt Ella's tomorrow, just as sure as the sun comes up."

She took the sleeping child and bundled her into the house. Peter followed, crestfallen, conscience struck. Not for worlds would he have harmed the child he was learning to love passionately. In time he got back some of his dignity.

"You let me have her," he commanded firmly. "I want to look after her myself, and I'm goin' to keep her, too," he added not so firmly.

"Till mornin'," Katie agreed, grimly, and went out to sit alone on her porch. Gladdie was wide awake now and her happy laughter came out to Katie. Somehow it drove the anger out of her heart and filled it with a strange desolate feeling.

"What's that, Daddy?" Gladdie was asking. Gladdie's up-bringing had been woefully deficient in some lines. "A nightie-gown? Is it Gladdie's, daddy?"

"It's Gladdie's tonight," she heard Peter say, gently. "We'll get Gladdie one of her own tomorrow."

"Who has it when Gladdie ain't here," the child persisted.

"Katie," gruffly.

"Who's Katie, Daddy?"

"She's—she's," Katie knew her husband was groping for words, "she's your new mamma."

Katie rose angrily. To put such notions into the child's head!

"Peter," she called, "you harness Ned and take that young un to her aunt Ella's right off. She ain't goin' to stay here another minute. D'you hear me, Peter?"

Peter came out to the porch.

"I ain't goin' to take her back, Katie," he breathed heavily.

"I wants to kiss mamma good-night, too," a plaintive voice said and a little white figure, holding up a huge nightgown, stumbled between them, fumbled for Katie's skirt, and little arms reached up for her embrace.

Katie sank back into a chair, her legs shaking from the effects of her anger, I suppose. The little white figure climbed at once into her lap, and loving, warm, sweet, baby lips pressed ardently against her throat and mouth. Gladdie's upbringing had not been neglected in some respects! With those magic kisses Katie's heart suddenly became a thing all tender.

Above the white figure, husband and wife looked into each other's eyes.

"Let's bring her up ourselves, Peter," Katie faltered.

"I—we need you, Katie, both of us," he agreed.